

LADDER

Someone's stolen my ladder. Up high,  
I was stealing the sun's ladder, fell  
Westward, down from the sky, night  
On my head, a meteoric plunge.

Sisyphus was a stone to himself,  
Rolling up, back, all the time,  
Without reason, or rhyme, just  
Falling from the top to his feet.  
Without meeting himself there!

Fate had it right, then, all  
The sadder, said with a bitter mouth:  
"Everything is climbing a ladder,  
Which is taken away afterward."

Translated, from the Romanian,  
by Gabriela Dragnea and Stuart Friebert.